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XUM

"Yet for our support, methinks I see with prophetic eye, far away in the dim distance, a few great thinkers busily enough rending this old Custom-garment, (*Gebrauchsgewand*) while certain others are as busily engaged making a new Duty-garment, (*Pflichtgewand*) with which to clothe Society; not indeed formed from the Rags and Patchwork of old Customs, (a few of the sound patches in it,) but a new Heaven-wrought dress, the warp and woof of which are formed of words proceeding from the mouth of Him before whose presence angels veil their faces. A happy day shall it be for you O! World, when you bow before your great men, and with reverence listen to the voices of the Heaven-sent—the Prophets of later days—and put on the bright Duty-garment which they shall give unto you. A happy day will be that Duty-millennium (*Pflichtjahrtausend*),—altogether the same as that millenium of which your Bible speaks. But when will that day come, O! Time-Spirit answer me! when? Not in my life; not in your life, Reader, but to the Latest men."

E. I. R.

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### THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS OF PERSIA.

It has been worthily remarked by Dr. Robertson, that, wherever the innate religious propensity of the human heart, seeks the object of its adoration in the vain chimeras of its own polluted fancy, superstition assumes at once a frightful and inhuman garb. And it is equally true, that wherever man fixes his religious affections upon some one of God's visible works, the genius of his superstition, so far from exercising a brutal influence over his feelings and habits, tends immediately, to raise him in the scale of rational and human beings. Why this is so, I will not attempt to settle; but will leave the determination of it, to those who have dived deeper into the metaphysics of the human mind. I only wish, at this time, to set forth an exemplification of the aforementioned principles in the history of the Ghebers or fire worshippers of Persia.

It were an unprofitable task to enter into a discussion of

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their doctrines. They would appear too ridiculous and absurd, when brought into juxtaposition with those of the Christian religion. Suffice it to say, they are based upon the tenets of the famous Zoroaster, who first directed the heart of man, panting for some object whereon to fix his supreme affections, to that greatest of God's visible works,—the Sun—

"That angel of light, who, from the time  
Those heavens began their march sublime,  
Hath first of all the starry choir,  
Trode in his Maker's steps of fire."

MOORE.

It is astonishing to observe, with what a fond jealousy, these principles and tenets have been handed down from generation to generation. Embraced long before the opening of the Christian era,<sup>1</sup> with few modifications, they remain essentially unaltered to this day. The devastating hand of time has made little impression on its loveliness, while it has served to obliterate many of those impurities, necessarily attendant upon the first creation of a heathen religion. And with all its faults and errors, the most scrupulous can but acknowledge, that it contains lessons without number of the purest morality, and unsurpassed in form and beauty. Lessons eminently calculated to expand the noblest faculties of the soul, to chasten the imagination, to purify the passions, and to direct them to all that is god-like in man. We can but mark the radiant contrast, between its pure, simple and practical morality, and the dark subtleties, and horrid rites of other heathen sects. And in looking upon the golden web of their religion, we are forcibly struck by the numbers and strength of the cords in its texture, which bind them to their country. Fancy, in her sublimest flights, would flag in the attempt to paint the unearthly devotion, of this singular people, to the interests of a country from whose laws they have received so little protection. But amidst all the reverses of fortune, to which unhappy Persia has been subjected, and surely since the introduction of Mohammedanism into her once happy territory, no nation has suffered more; they, and they alone, of all her inhabitants, guided and urged on by the mandates and precepts of their religion, have remained unshaken in their adherence to the true cause. In fact, their history is one of the few green spots in the whole of Persia's records, whereon the eye can linger with delight.

Before the invasion of Persia by the fanatic followers of Mohammed, the fires of their worship rose in peace throughout the land; and consequently, there was little call for those extraordinary achievements, with which the whole history of their resistance to the usurpations of that "saintly murderous brood," is so richly fraught. The lustre of their actions did not burst forth with that triumphant brilliancy, until the dark cloud of adversity, began to hover over the destinies of their country. But when the tide of Mahommedanism, commenced its inundating course over the land, these devoted children of the sun, the spirit of whose religion is no less peaceful than patriotic, were the first to oppose the mighty current, and offer their lives a willing sacrifice to the public good. Then it was that men sprung up among them, upon whose characters, the enthusiast might dwell forever with delight. But what could they do; a mere handful, against a whole race, a base, degenerate race, that courted the yoke, and did not hesitate to bow the neck to the superior power of their Mahommedan invaders.

In vain have the proud lords of eastern Asia, poured down upon them their bloody myriads. In vain have the cruel Satraps of Arabia's monarchs, attempted to abolish their religion. They have, it is true, with most merciless foot trampled upon their sacred liberties—murdered their priests at the very foot of the altar—desecrated their shrines, and ground them down to the very dust; invariably proffering the alternative of death or the Koran, to that Gheber, whom the fortunes of war, or treachery might chance to throw into their hands. But as well had they expect the tide at their command, to disobey the calls of its sovereign mistress, the moon, as to expect that Gheber to desert the faith of his fathers—to doff the fiery belt, the emblem of his faith—to bring dishonour upon those shrines of flame, before which, the mother of his tender infancy, had taught him to offer up the pure and simple prayer of innocent childhood; and where, when manhood had added vigour to his mind, and strength to his frame, he had pledged himself to the preservation of its eternal fires, and

"Swore before God's burning eye  
To break his country's chains or die."

No ! not all the miseries of the shameful rack, with its horrid paraphernalia of "cords, and knives, and sulphurous flame," can move that soul from its high intent. Bind him, gash him, ay, fleece the very skin from his broken bones, and behold ! the same smile of triumph, mingled with unsuppressed contempt for the scroll of your false prophet, lights up the manly features of one whose soul had been pledged from infancy to the service of a better God.

Let no one suppose that this is the language of one rendered foolishly enthusiastic in the cause of an oppressed people. It is the language of truth, and it is the language of one who cannot only feel for their individual sufferings and their sufferings as a nation, but bitterly mourn the obscurity that hangs over one of the brightest pages in the history of man.

K.

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### TADMOR.

At morn, o'er the marble domes of the desert city,  
 An eastern sun poured splendour and renown ;  
 Her palaces and temples, and the tow'ring heights  
 Of her fair obelisks, had crowned Palmyra with a wreath,  
 Bright woven by the magic power of fame.  
 In the centre of her arches and her fanes, fair  
 And innumerable, stood the bright temple of the  
 Sun—upon whose pure pale columns, danced  
 The bright beams of rosy morn—as o'er the green  
 Clad summits of the purple hills, which skirt  
 Her eastern sides, the god of day drove  
 His fierce coursers on. Around these marble  
 Pillars, and thro' the long ways, which devious  
 To the sanded plains that border the Euphrates,  
 Led—a people great in the renown  
 And glorious in the gathered wealth of the  
 Teeming East—heedless of Time's rude,  
 Onward march, their wonted ways pursued.

At eve, the sun shed splendours, green and golden,  
 Through Tadmor's regal streets, grown dim  
 With shadows from the lofty palms, which blent  
 Their beauties with a thousand spires.  
 Upon that desert vast, like a lone star upon the  
 Brow of night, slumbered the city ;

So beautiful, so bright : so populous, so proud,  
That the storms of leagured ages might pour in vain  
Their ruthless thunders at her marble front.

Another, and another morn, came rosy  
From the East ; but cast in vain, their full grown  
Glories over Tadmor's plain. The Vandal Roman,  
With his legion hosts, had scattered death  
And desolation o'er the erst glad scenes which  
Crowned her marble aisles : and the rude,  
Loud sound of revelry and riot rose mingling up  
Where the gentle breathings of the maiden's vow  
But now went calmly to the skies. And warlike  
Mars alone held sway in Tadmor's Halls.

Again at eve the sun flung splendours  
O'er the desert city, and lingered for a moment  
On the verge of day to mark the deed  
Of Roman wrong ; and then roll'd on, and  
Gather'd to himself the golden beams which o'er the  
Once bright columns of Palmyra's domes,  
Had lured to glory and renown.

The sun roll'd on, and left old night  
To close the sanguine scene. Around a thousand  
Arches wound the black'ning flames,  
And cast their lurid beauties to the skies.  
O'er the jewelled robe of night was spread a garb  
Of fire—flung back from the splendid ruins,  
High over all, reflecting from its spires, a light,  
Brilliant as noon-day, towered the temple  
Of the sun, whose sacred form defied  
The wrath of man. It stood, to fling its shadows  
O'er the mouldering blacken'd heaps  
Where ruin sat, and solitude held sway;

S. M. S.

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## HISTORY OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

“ Taisons-nous sur l'origine  
“ Qui date and siècles passés :  
“ Aux champs de la Palestine”  
Nos Aïeux sont trépassés,  
Prendre, une plus fraîche époque,  
C'est illustrer nos travaux :  
La source est moins équivoque,  
Quand les faits sont plus nouveaux.

CHANSON D'UN FRANCO-MAÇON

From the earliest ages of the world there have existed

men who have believed that by combining the powers of others, they could produce greater, and more permanent effects, than by solitary application to any particular pursuit; by holding the associations thus formed aloof from the world, they would naturally consider themselves as elevated above the multitude, and by confining the knowledge of such discoveries as they might make, either in literature or science, to their own circle, they would, in time, have some ground for such a supposition, and it is therefore probable that in this manner every secret society has originated.

Believing with the French astronomer, La Lande, that the historical account of most secret societies, "*se perd dans le obscurite du temps*," we will forego all attempts to pierce the mysterious veil which hangs over the ancient Fleusinean, Cabiric, and Pythagorean brotherhoods, and of their common parent, the Egyptian priesthood. We will, however, endeavour to observe a distinction between the ancient and modern fraternities, and to explain the causes which gave them birth. Of all the ancient societies, those only which merit a particular notice are the Free-masons, the Rosicrucians, and the Vehm-Gericht.

The Rosicrucians\* according to the most generally received account were founded about the end of the fifteenth century, by a German gentleman named Christian Rosen-cruz, (Bishop Wilkins gives the name as Francis Rosicrosse) who, during a visit to the Holy-land, acquired many wonderful secrets from the Arabian philosophers. At his return into Germany he founded a society to the members of which, he confided the secrets which he had obtained: he died in 1484. There was a tale current during the 16th century that he was buried in a vault with an ever-burning lamp by his side, that its light—

—"might o'er him wave"

And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave."

\* The derivations were these, from Rosic-cocta or dew-distilled, from Ros and Cruz, their founder's name, and from the arms of Luther, which were a rose and a cross. Our own opinion of their origin is, that when the templars or red cross Knights, were dispersed by Philip the Fair, such of them as had come from Germany, there re-united, and formed the society. If any one should enquire "what had these knights to do with alchemy, and secrets, &c. &c.;" we can only reply that it was one of the very charges brought against them that they had deserted the Christian religion, and were in the habit of practising magic, worshipping the mystical Baphometi &c. &c.

In Burthoggiu's "essays" &c. published A. D. 1694, we are furnished with the creed of this mysterious brotherhood given in twelve tablets, of which the two first are as follows.

I. "Ante omnia punctum exitit non eo a eo moy de aut mathematicum, sed diffusiosum monas erat explicité implicité myrias : lux erat et nox, Principium and finis Principii, omnia et nihil est et non.

"II. Commovet se monas in Diade, et per triadem egressæ sunt facies luminis secundi."

Many wild and mystical reports attached themselves to the Rosicrucian brotherhood. As professing alchemy they were said individually to lay claim to immortality—that they did not can be proved from the "Rules of the brethren of the Rosy Cross," published at London, 1656, by Count Maierus, where he says, "each of the brethren shall appoint a successor who shall take his place after his death, and assume his name." But the wildest report of all, was that given by Brele and Andria, who (founding their scepticism upon the difficulty of determining the derivation of their name, and their place of meeting,) declared that the Rosicrucian brotherhood did not exist, and that it never had existed! The refutation of this is to be found in Cohausen, who affirms positively that about the year 1660, a deputation of the brethren of the Rosicrucians were sent to the Senate of Holland with certain proposals, &c. The book of Hermes Trismegistus was the source from which the Rosicrucians drew their philosophy. Notwithstanding the current belief that this work is a forgery of the early Christians, we have the authority of Cudworth lib. i. cap. iv. that many of the chapters are doubtless authentic. Patricius, Sennertus and Athan. Kircher contend also for its entire authenticity.\*

We should do wrong to pass on without mentioning the Vehm-Gericht of the Middle Age. We will not here, however, give a particular account of it. A single perusal of Anne of Geierstein, Götz of the Iron-Hand, or Herman and Una, will convey a better idea than the most elaborate history. I have mentioned it here for the purpose of

\* For a further account of the Rosicrucians and their doctrines, vide "Confessio Fraternitatis," also, "Rules &c.," with Behmen's Aurora, and the work of Fludd, Mosheim, Gassendi, Philalethes, &c. &c.

stating that an English gentleman,\* who was in Germany some 50 years since, found upon enquiry, that the ancient Vehm-Gericht or Terrible Tribunal, was still extant in some of the remoter districts of Westphalia, albeit it had now degenerated in the hands of the peasants into a court for the punishment of divers rustic offences; yet from the various formula which they still preserved, he doubted not, that it was a legitimate descendant of the ancient Vehme.

From the Vehme, we come to the renowned fraternity of the Free Masons. And here let us remark that although their claims to an extreme antiquity are doubtless far-fetched and ill-founded, still we must grant that the origin to which they can justly lay claim, far surpasses that of any other society. We shall as nearly as possible follow the account of Dr. Robinson, relating to their earliest history, which is as follows: The Dionysiacs of Asia Minor were a company of engineers and architects, who had the exclusive privilege of building Stadia, churches, and temples, and were supposed to be under the tutelage of Bacchus, and were distinguished from other people by the science which they possessed, and their private signs and tokens. This association came into Rome from Syria, into which country it had come from Persia. We can trace this association down to the Middle Age, during which there existed in Christian Europe, a society which had the exclusive privilege of building great churches and castles, and which was under the protection of the sovereigns of Europe. The course of Free-Masonry becomes at this time extremely broken; but, according to Dr. Robinson, "certain circumstances which it would be tedious to mention, continued the association later in England than on the continent." The first instance that we have of its revival in modern times, is that alluded to by Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, who mentions being in a lodge in 1648, at Warrington. This was a royalist lodge, and devoted to the Stuarts. In those days, during the Protectorate, it was dangerous for royalists to be openly known; they therefore had private signals and places of meeting, which were in themselves complete lodges. Charles II. was a Mason. James his successor, cared nothing for them; but they had, however,

\* Vide, a letter to the Countess of Pembroke, Salisbury, 1798.

by this time obtained a firm hold in the kingdom. These Masons were always favourable to the reigning family. When the Stuarts were banished, in the person of the last James, they took Masonry with them to the continent, where, among the wonder-loving French, it at once became exceedingly popular. They, however, almost immediately found that the English terms of Fellow-craft, Apprentice, &c., savoured too much of the *canaille*; they therefore declared them *merely symbolical*. In 1716 higher degrees of Masonry were added, and they now appeared publicly with stars and garters. It was in the lodge of St. Germain, that the degree of Chev. Magon Ecossais (derived from the Templars) was first added; after this we find the new ranks of Novice, Elève, Chevalier, Philosophe and Pèlerin, &c., "till some Parisian lodges numbered forty-five degrees of Masons, and fifteen of Chevaliers." Free-Masonry had now obtained a firm hold in continental Europe, and many lodges were established. The lodge of the Chevaliers du Soleil at a later period had the degrees of Novice, Elu de la Verite and the Sublime Philosophe, and this degree is perhaps the first step towards Illumination. The course of Masonry now becomes so intricate, though at the same time so interesting, that it is with reluctance we leave its particular history, and proceed to the time when Masonry under a new form, and synthetic with Revolutionism, emerged from its obscurity, and produced effects unparalleled in the world's history.

#### ILLUMINATION AND REVOLUTION.

It must have frequently occurred to every historical reader, that although the Middle, or Dark Age, has been determined as ending with the Reformation, yet its shadow was still covering the face of Europe with a murky darkness, even at the period of which we speak. We will not deny that its baneful influence upon religion, as well as the social arts had been greatly mitigated. But any candid observer must admit that the political condition of Europe, was at this time a frightful one, which seemed to call loudly for a reform—and it came,—came when Might and Right began to discover their mutual relationship, and Illumination hand in hand with Revolution, swept like a storm-sea over the face of the civilized world.

Although much praise is due those high souls who risk their all in conducting reform, yet let us not forget that nothing appears in its true light, until considered as a part bearing manifold relations, rather than an independent whole. For these leaders with their revolutions, are but passive instruments in the hands of an over-ruling Destiny. The revolutionism of the last century, was, so to speak, but "the exponent of a pre-existing necessity," nor could that century have passed by without such commotions, any more than a battle without death. As to the causes by which that revolutionism was brought about, we must undoubtedly attribute the chief to Free-Masonry, or to speak more correctly, to that Illuminative principle which was every where flowing like an under-current, and disseminating strange truths concerning liberty and equality; so that with oppression on the one hand and Illumination on the other, Europe well nigh resembled a vast powder mine which only required a spark to ignite it—that spark was the American Revolution.\* And then like quick-succeeding thunder, report followed report, and nation answered nation, and the Earth-tyrants who had slumbered too long forgetful of the wrongs of their subjects, now awoke to fear. And there was not a throne in continental Europe which was not shaken more or less by this explosion. Let us hope that they may never recover from its effects, but rather be still more shattered by revolutions yet to come. It is an interesting task for the historian to trace the characters of different nations as they were successively developed during the progress of Illumination. Take for example Germany, where (besides the Illuminati of Weishaupt,) it was developed in the forms of modern Theosophy and Quietism. But among the younger and more active members of society it became the celebrated Burschenschaft or Student-Union—an institution which had it not been dissolved through the influence of a tyrannical and despotic government, would have been productive of more revolutionism, which would have been really useful in its effects, than all the renewed Rosicrucianism and *Rosseauism*, which many

\* "North America had been to France and the rest of Europe, the real nursery of all these revolutionary principles."—Schlegel's *Philosophy of History*.

were at this time so busily engaged in promoting. But these were not the only forms which Illumination received; it was this same spirit which animated the soldier-hero Körner,\* and the enthusiastic Arndt.† It was this same spirit which inspired the martyred Sand to offer up the traitor Von Kotzebue upon the altar of his country—a deed for which he perished. Ungrateful Germany! had she no other reward for her best and bravest son? Nor was Illumination confined to this alone. The German literature of the last fifty years may be considered as one of its elder children, and there was somewhat of this Illuminative Socialism which influenced the pen of Fichte when he wrote in the "*Bestimmung des Menschen*"—"We behold in this world a vast Union in which no one worketh alone." But enough of these minor developments, turn we now to the history of those three great societies, the Illuminati, the Carbonari, and the Philadelphians. CARLOS.

[To be continued.]

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#### GOLDSMITH.

We seldom find in the lives of literary men, many of those incidents which are calculated to awaken in the breast of the reader that thrilling interest, or to produce there that excitement, now deemed necessary to the excellence of any work, so that although authors of talent and learning exert an influence over the present state, and future destinies of the human race, which far surpasses that possessed by any other class in the community, yet we are too often content to remain in ignorance of their history and

\* Körner, author of "The Lyre and Sword," &c.

† Arndt, author of many revolutionary songs, such as "The German father-land" and "Song of the German boy"—also the celebrated "Rhine-song" beginning "*sie sollen ihn nicht haben*."

"They ne'er shall have the haven  
Of our Germanic Rhine,  
While liberty is graven  
On hearts of mine and thine."

the character of their minds, while we skim over the pages of some highly wrought novel, or the adventures of some tale-telling traveller, to gather thence the stimulant our pampered taste requires. But though there may not be so much to excite the feelings, or please the fancy, in the details of toilsome study or solitary musings, as in the more busy scenes of the forest, the camp, or the court, yet surely it cannot be a task devoid of either pleasure or profit, to watch the secret workings of some master mind, to trace the growth and development of its faculties as they gradually expand, and in their openings, show the world the treasures they contain ; to view it in the full exercise of its powers when arrived at maturity, and to ponder on the perfected fruits of its labours, drawing from them stores of knowledge and wisdom, which may serve to enrich the fancy, to cultivate the mind, and to improve the man. It is to be regretted that we have left to us so few of the minuter biographical remains of the life and character of our earlier writers. There are, indeed, essays, numerous, long and learned, on their "lives and genius," every prominent fact in their public career is well known, and every feature of their minds discussed ; these, however, give a mere picture of the man, well drawn it may be, and beautifully coloured, but which wants the force and animation of life ; a few hours' perusal of his familiar letters, journals and conversations will give us a more perfect insight into the real origin and nature of his genius, and the prominent traits of his character, than the most elaborate dissertations. Some few have supplied this deficiency, as far as regards themselves, by infusing into their writings, the peculiar feelings and characteristics for which they were remarkable, rather than general abstract truths and propositions, and by portraying to us their own trials and adventures, instead of the fanciful achievements of some imaginary hero ; thus rendering us more conversant with their distinguishing qualities of thought and character, than we could otherwise have been. No one has done this oftener, or with better success, than Goldsmith. There is scarcely a scene in his writings the original of which did not have him for an actor, and almost every page and sentiment bears the impress of his well known peculiarities, nor is this done in such a way as to offend the reader with the idea that the author is intruding, un-

wished for, into our notice, or occupying that space himself, which should have been given to more important objects; but on the contrary, somildly and agreeably does he present himself, that he at once fixes the attention and awakens the interest; we thank him for his presence, and feel sorry when he leaves us, or turns to the consideration of other and more general topics. Hence it is, that there are very few authors whose writings tend to excite a stronger and more lively desire to become thoroughly acquainted with the writer, than his. Goldsmith, although a native of Ireland, commenced his literary career in London, where, after a youth distinguished for nothing more than a careless attendance on one of the Irish universities, and

A prime in wandering spent, and care,

he had settled himself as a practitioner of medicine. But his genius was not at all fitted for success in this or any other profession; his early roivings had destroyed in him any strength of purpose which he might have before possessed, and rendered him incapable of any continued or arduous application, his manners were unpolished, his appearance awkward, his disposition humorously odd and entirely wanting in those habits of order and attention, so necessary to any man of business. His practice was but small at first, and, as might be expected, even the little he had was neglected; so that he was soon forced, in despair, to desert his profession, and betake himself to some more congenial pursuit. Necessity compelled him to instant exertion; and following the promptings of his inclination he turned from the bustling scenes of the world, for which he was so unfitted, to solitude, and communion with his own thoughts, there to pour forth the rich treasures of his overflowing mind. He had at length struck the right string and so skilfully did he touch it, that its sweetness charmed all who listened. The genius displayed in his writings soon commanded the attention of Johnson, who at that period reigned lord paramount in the English literary world, by whom he was visited, and by whom he was also introduced to the celebrated literary club which had just been formed, and to which none but the most distinguished in point of talent and genius were admitted. This was an age of mighty minds, some of the noblest names in the

annals of England then flourished, and of these, the chief were gathered in this club. Never perhaps did any club have around its board an assemblage of more wit, learning, and mind than were here collected. Besides many who would in any other circle have been deservedly celebrated, but who were there hidden by the brighter lights around them, we find Johnson, the master critic and moralist of his country; Burke, than whom, as a statesman, none stands higher; Reynolds, who, as an artist, need fear comparison but with few; and Garrick, to whom as an actor and a wit, even the vainest could scarce refuse to bow. Here their powers were shown in full force; the reserve and constraint, under which they appeared before the public, were at these social meetings laid aside, and they were seen as they really were. Here the treasures of their well-stored minds were freely laid open to each other; thought grappled with thought; wit sharpened wit; the close debate, the keen sarcasm, and the cutting repartee, kept every faculty in full and vigorous exercise, and though this was but relaxation, yet their very sports were toils from which commoner minds would have shrunk affrighted. Goldsmith owed his seat here more to his acknowledged genius as a writer than to any of that ready wit, fluency or power in conversation, which was possessed so remarkably by his associates. Indeed so deficient was he in these outward and showy qualities, that, credit was scarce given him for the powers he did really possess; and, says D'Israeli, "Until his latest hours he was surprising his friends by productions which they had imagined him to be incapable of composing." But his claims to stand among the first of the English classics, now are undisputed. Even the faults and foibles which were the causes of so much of his trouble, and of the ridicule which was cast upon him, now constitute one of the chief charms of his writings. His wit if not so ready as that of some of his cotemporaries, is at least more lasting, and the kindness and unsuspecting credulity which then led him into so many straits and difficulties, now form one of the strongest ties which endear him to us. Goldsmith may be emphatically called the poet of the feelings, he is one of those—

—"whose sympathetic mind,  
Exults in all the good of all mankind."

And this feeling glows in every sentence, causing his sentiments to flow with a warmth and force for which a colder heart in vain would labour. They seem to come directly from the affections; there is none of that lifeless beauty which enchants the mere looker-on, but proves to him who would feel it, the chilly statue. It is all feeling, every word goes to the heart; we ourselves have had the same hopes and fears, the same joys and sorrows, as those which he here paints. We find in his poetry neither the high imagination of Scott, the brilliant fancy of Moore, nor the burning passion of Byron: we see none of the dazzling glare, or gaudy imagery with which their lines are decked, but which, though it fall pleasingly on the ear, yet glances off and leaves no trace in the heart. On the contrary, it is its very mildness, simplicity and truth to nature, which fixes it in the affections; it is like a valued friend, who despising the fripperies of ornament, is most admired when best known. The reader when he closes the book, if he remembers aught, must remember something that will do him good. He is not there taught to stand aloof from earth and earthly feelings, and rejecting the little happiness there is, because there is not more, to mourn in bitterness over human sorrows; nor to build castles in the air, and then, because they vanish and their fairy tenants turn to dust, to curse the world and hate mankind, or to drown his grief in riot and debauch. No, he is pointed to the beautiful world around him, and told to draw thence, not subjects for complaint and misery, but for peace and contentment; to extract not the poison, but the honey from the flower. He is told to look inwardly upon his heart, to improve it and its affections, to go there—

—“to find

The bliss which centres only in the mind.

Goldsmith's are among the few works which bear frequent perusals. We do not tire of them soon; every reading shows new beauties, and gives renewed pleasure, for it is the thought, the sentiment, in which is the merit, and on which we dwell; not mere sweet sounding words, which soon pall upon the ear. In the beautiful words of Irving, his writings “sweeten our tempers, harmonize our thoughts, they put us in a good humour with ourselves and the world, and in so doing makes us happier and better men.”

ZALA.

## ODIN.

It has been the sole occupation of a certain class of learned antiquarians to grope among the ruins of departed nations, and gather from them all relics which may enable them to re-construct the temples of their national religions. Volumes on volumes have been written on the mythologies of Greece and Rome, until the name and deeds of each god and goddess, are on the lips of every school-boy and ballad-monger in the land. Learned men have consumed whole lives of intense study, in attempting to unravel the mysteries which hang around the ancient religions of Egypt and India. The literary and religious antiquaries of Europe went into ecstasies of delight when that solver of hieroglyphics, the rosette-stone, was first discovered among the ruins of that land of mystery. Near the hallowed waters of the Ganges, we behold some way-worn pilgrim of learning seat himself, and listen with rapture and veneration to the silly babble of a grey-haired Brahmin, as he discourses concerning the virtues of a certain sacred white cow. Yet in all this ardent search for truth, few, very few, have bestowed even a passing glance on the wild creed of the rude Northmen. It is true that the Norse mythology possesses few of those elegant and refined attractions, which spread such a fascination round the religions of Greece and Rome. The dark caves and dreary mountains of Scandinavia, were not peopled with wanton nymphs and sportive satyrs. Jove, and his luxurious court, sat not on the gloomy clouds which overspread Northland, quaffing from crystal goblets perfumed draughts of nectar, and dispensing his half-sportive decrees to the sons of men; but grizly dwarfs and demons dwelt in their lonely groves and grottos. Odin drank huge draughts of brown ale from his foemen's reeking skulls, and his words were mandates for battle and slaughter.

Odin, the founder and principal god of the Norse mythology, fled with a rude and barbarous horde from the borders of the Black Sea, to escape the conquering Romans; and having subdued the tribes of Northern Europe, settled his people on the lands of his conquered enemies. The character of the Norsemen was at that time fero-

cious and warlike, they dealt not in the gentle arts of peace, slaughter and rapine were their occupations and pastimes, they had no form of religion whatever, and groped about in a darkness worse than pagan.

Odin beheld his people gazing in every direction, seeking to penetrate the dark cloud which surrounded them; attentively peering through the gloom, hoping to discern some light, which might elucidate the mystery of their existence—guide their erring footsteps through life, and afford them hope beyond the grave; for as yet they were wanderers on earth, without any end or aim in view, who thought that life's pilgrimage ceased at the entrance to the tomb.

Odin was a poet, and loved nature with an ardour the poet alone can feel, he was as a little child alone in the vast temple of the universe, keenly awake to any impressions. There, in that rugged, ice-bound country, the "first thinker of the Norsemen" stood; he heard the howl of the mad tempest, the roar of the deafening thunder, the crash of the falling oaks, as they were shivered into splinters by the gleaming bolt; and his soul bowed down in worship before the majesty of nature. He knew nothing mightier, nothing fitter to become a God. To him were not the subtleties of philosophy; he was a rude, untaught man, standing in the awful presence of nature, with all the glories of the universe bursting around him. How can we condemn him if he erred! He proclaimed his religion before the people; at once the spell of darkness was broken, light was given them, and that light burst from the mind of the inspired Odin. Far, far flashed its beamy lustre, like a beacon-fire illumining the night, until each jutting head-land and ice-clad mountain of Northland, gleamed in its resplendent rays. Men no longer groped about in darkness, each leaning on his neighbour's shoulder for support through the weary pilgrimage of life, whispering in his ear in tremulous accents, questions, which might draw forth words of hope, to cheer him on his gloomy way. All was bright and cheerful; men went forth boldly and alone, for they had now a glorious end in view; life had gained new beauties, and death lost all its terrors! A strange light indeed was that which beamed from the mind of Odin; but still a light, though a dim and flickering one, infinitely

to be preferred to no light; to a life of darkness and despair. In comparison with Christianity, it was but as a taper to the noon-day sun, but yet that taper served to guide the Norsemen for centuries.

It seems to be the conclusion of all the ratiocinations of every thinking mind, that this earth is not the sole abiding place; that in a future state man shall be rewarded or punished, "according to the deeds done in the body." The Mahometan dwells in an Eden peopled with Houries, or is cast in the black pit of Eblis. The soul of the pious Brahmin transfuses itself into the body of some noble bird or beast, while the souls of the wicked pass into detestable and filthy reptiles. The Indian brave scours the "pleasant hunting grounds" of the Great Spirit, while those whose limbs the wars and chases have not hardened, die long before they have reached the portals of paradise. With but the light of nature for his guide, Odin constructed Valhalla for the brave and noble, Hela for the abject slave. Valour was the only virtue the gods valued, cowardice the only crime which they detested. Who shall call it either weak vanity, or cunning imposture that impelled Odin to receive divine honours from his people? His soul was too lofty for such weakness.

The mind of a man of genius, (says a celebrated writer) is ever a mystery to himself. Odin in the lone solitude of the Norwegian forests, called on the gods of nature to solve the riddle of his existence! He asked them, what am I? They answered, a mystery! He asked his people. They answered, a God! Whence proceeded this wild inward light? Was it not a spark from heaven? Why was he so immeasurably superior to those who surrounded him? Why did all men bow down in wonder and admiration, at the words of his mouth? Often, often, we fancy we see that wild, bearded, Norseman, clad in the shaggy skins of beasts, sitting on the ice-bound rocks of Northland; propounding questions like these, to his bewildered mind. And a voice speaks from his inner soul, saying, "Odin thou art not as other men, thou art superior to other men. A God!"

We should not, therefore, too hastily condemn this great man for receiving divine honours; we should look on him as a wild, untaught, child of nature, on whose astonished

mind the fire of genius burst with a brilliancy which startled him, quite as forcibly as his people. We may not condemn his tenets, for he at least did, what to him appeared right. A warrior, like the rest of his nation; he regarded vengeance, rapine and slaughter, as the only occupations in which men should be engaged. It appeared right to him that warriors should live by plunder; and hold what they possessed, by the stern tenure of the sword. It was the creed in which he had been educated; it was the example of his own, and all the neighbouring nations. He was but a barbarian, how could he swerve from the time-honoured heresies of his fathers. Yet small critics will tell us, that he should have acted with a Christian spirit—and he a barbarian! He is a fanatic indeed who will not admit the force of circumstances.

But the days of the Norsemen have passed; Thor's hammer is broken; Odin has ceased to be a God. Centuries have elapsed since the last of the Sea-Kings stood on the snow covered coast of Northland, and listened to the lullaby of the foaming waves. No more shall they launch their "snorting galleys" on the trackless ocean; and without chart or compass, steer seaward in search of far distant lands, which they might win with their invincible blades. No more shall their oaken-ribbed ships, ring with the shout of the wild "warriors of the earth;" as they listen to the half savage, half mirthful sagas of the inspired bard. No more, shall the affrighted peasant seek refuge in the walled city, when the evil omened Reafan-flag of Odin, appeared on their smiling coasts. No more shall the "yellow-haired maid of the North" list to the burning words of her warrior-lover as, laden with the spoils of distant countries, he returned to lay the dear-bought booty at her feet. Alas for the rugged country! Alas for the daring, and the genius—the valour, and the love.

E. J. R.

*Boken*

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**"THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR."**

The golden age of Spain has passed. The days of her renown, when each hill and each vale, the retreats of some warrior bands, rung with the trumpet's pealing sound has gone by, and we look upon her as a thing that was. But when we linger even now amid her still splend

how many pleasing reminiscences of the past—how many associations fraught with the most thrilling interest present, aye, force and grave themselves upon our minds. We can trace on each time-worn stone—on each disjointed fragment of her vast and unequalled edifices—on the ivy-grown walls of her Alhambra, some event either rendered immortal by the pen of an Irving, or else bearing record of some fatal battle between the Moslem and the Christian. In fancy we can see from each crumbling battlement, the rival standards of the crescent and the cross still floating in proud defiance, and hear the groans of the dying and the war shout of the battling hosts rising from the rich and fertile plains of the Vega. Then our memory leads us back to the time when these, our ideal creations, were realities, and the truth stamps itself upon us, that when Grenada fell then fell Spain.

Let us recur then to that period. On one hand fought a brave and patriotic people, contending for their wives, their children, their homes, their altars. On the other, one less brave though more chivalric nation, striving for revenge, for honour, for fame. The contest was long and fierce—but fortress after fortress fell from the hands of the Moslem, till at length the city of Grenada was the only spot left to tell of their once proud empire. Yes, that city alone had been enough. It was the Campania—the garden of Spain. It seemed amid the snow-capped mountains around, a Paradise on earth, and despicable indeed were that people who refused to battle and perish in its defence. Around it flowed the streams of the Xenie and the Darro, and before it spread broad and beautiful the Vega, enriched by nature's unsparing hand, with every thing that could delight the eye or captivate the senses. But this fairy land too was soon destined to be snatched from them. For blocked up by land and sea—famine and civil strife within—a hostile army thundering at its gates—it could not long resist. Desperate was the resistance of the Moors, but in vain did their unmailed bodies oppose the serried and iron-clad ranks of the Christian. In vain did they raise a barrier of their dead bodies to oppose the onward march of their foe, and in vain did they fertilize with their blood, a land that was soon to be no longer theirs. Defeat was the constant result of their efforts—hope fled, and the capitulation of Grenada ensued.

It was a bright morning of November, 1491. On the plains of the Vega, were encamped the "Christian host in their pride and power." The towers and minarets of the city of groves still lifted their summits as proudly as ever amid the sky—but an unaccustomed gloom seemed to overhang them, and such was the silence that pervaded the whole scene, that the ignorant traveller would have thought that it was a city of the dead, had not ever and anon a hum like the bustle of departure told that it was yet tenanted. This was the last day that the Infidels of Spain were to know a home—for the sceptre had departed from their kings and the glory from their people. This was the day that they were about to commence their exile into foreign countries, and every moment of their delay but served to impress upon them, that they were strangers in the land of their fathers. It was a sad contrast to see this remnant of a noble band press on in silence and sadness as they hastened from their native city, and then to view the knighted warriors of Spain exulting in victory—while strains of triumphant music and the voice of gladness and mirth re-echoed through their camps.

But the Moorish band have now ascended an eminence leading into a defile among the mountains of the Alpaxarras. It afforded them the last view of Grenada—below them, it lay sleeping in silent beauty; for not yet had the intrusive Spaniard occupied it. Who could adequately describe the thousand conflicting emotions of grief, and sorrow, and despair, that alternately possessed their breasts. As they looked, early recollections came thronging to their minds—they thought of the innocent delights of their childhood—of the pleasure of their early loves—of the gratifications of ambition's first hopes—and then they thought, (and the thought was poison) of all these snatched from them by the ruthless hand of the invader. "But while they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever." The soul of each beholder was smitten, and the unbidden tear gushed forth. From that day, and for this cause, that eminence has been styled "*The last sigh of the Moors.*"

## THE RHINE WINE SONG,

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

Crown, crown the cup with blossoms bright,  
 And glad and joyous be—  
 For in all Europe's sunny fields  
 Such wine, ye may not see.

From German hills, the wine is brought,  
 How were it else so good ?  
 So pass the cup from hand to hand,  
 And drink as true souls should.

Oh Rhine—old Rhine, with vintage crowned—  
 Forever bless the Rhine !  
 For on its shores the grapes are found,  
 Which yield this goodly wine.

Come drink ye then—for joy inspires  
 And beauty cheers the soul,  
 And know ye one, in sorrow sunk,  
 Oh bid him drain the bowl.

CARL.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

The class with whom the Nassau Monthly originated, and by whom it has been so successfully upheld, are now about to leave us ; a few more days, and they will have gone hence, to mingle with the world's busy throng. Other thoughts, other objects, will soon arise. But amid the cares, the tumults, of life ; when struggling on that troubled sea, with its vicissitudes of light and darkness, may they turn with unmingled pleasure to those scenes of bygone days, as fraught with many, and tender, recollections ; and transport themselves in fancy, once again, to those still waters, and pleasant shores, where, in youth, they prepared to encounter the storms and sunshine of life. They go forth, on their course, whether it be smooth or arduous, for weal or for woe, with our sincere wish for their welfare. Such remarks may seem inappropriate here, but is it natural to suppress our feelings on an occasion like this ? when ties, that have formed and strengthened for years, are at once to be severed. To witness with indifference the departure of those, with whom the history of our work is so intimately connected ?

It remains with the present junior class to carry on the work, which has been so well begun. With the last number, the Nassau Monthly was resign-

ed to our care. We receive the charge with the humble hope, that we may not at least prove unworthy of it. If we do not discharge satisfactorily the duties devolving upon us, in our editorial capacity, it will be not from want of zeal, or of exertion, but from inexperience. 'Tis true, there are few, who will pass over without censure, errors thus committed ; but so long as we are conscious of the rectitude and sincerity of our intentions, we will despair not. Trusting that our labours may not be wholly unfruitful ; that our youthful productions may be acceptable, nay, instructive, at least to a few, we cheerfully set out with our undertaking. We know with what success similar attempts have oftentimes met. We know that some, nay many, will augur failure of our efforts. They will tell you of prospects as fair, crushed in their very day-spring. But this is a cold, unfeeling, selfish world. How many noble efforts would be checked ; how many bright anticipations darkened, blighted, were we to falter or recede at the chidings and neglect of the world ! - Few, indeed, of youthful hopes would ever be realized, were we to shrink back, from its cold, forbidding aspect. And may we not hope, that our work has, already, "gone forth and found a resting place !" that the bark in which we have ventured, has passed unscathed these rocks and shoals, which first encompassed its path ; and that it only remains for us to watch with care over its future progress, to ensure its permanent success.

With this number, commences the second volume of the *Nassau Monthly*. This may be unexpected by some, and seemingly inconsiderate. Our reasons for pursuing this course are as follows. There will be more regularity in its adoption. And again, it will be, we are of opinion, more in accordance with the wishes and feelings of each successive class. It will produce a praiseworthy emulation, a desire that each volume shall equal, if not surpass, in merit the preceding. This will be conducive in a high degree, to the success of our cause, and the promotion of our work in the literary world. Each succeeding class would repel with indignation the very thought, that the *Nassau Monthly*, so reputably upheld by their predecessors, should fail, nay, derogate in the least degree from its former state, while entrusted to their care, and depending upon their exertions to sustain its character. And will we not all join to carry on a work, so eminently calculated for our own individual improvement ? That the exercise of writing is of the utmost importance to the mind, none will deny ; it serves to expand our thoughts, to introduce order and distinctness among the various objects of thought. Frequency of composition bestows that fluency of expression, that command of language, so conducive, so essential to our success in life. Here then, are offered to all the means of mental improvement. Here is opened a path to literary distinction, a field for the exercise of talent, for the display of knowledge. Let not disappointment discourage. It needs but perseverance to ensure success. And now hoping that this, *our* first attempt may meet with a favourable reception, we usher it before the world.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With the "Lines to the stump of a Segar" we have lighted our pipes  
There is nothing poetical in any kind of *stump*, whatever.

The communication of "C" is respectfully declined—it has been re-directed as requested by the author.

Elta's three songs, are rejected. His Pegasus is a 'piney woods' colt.  
And to deter him from all poetical attempts in future, we would say to him

"Swans sing before they die—"T were no bad thing  
Did certain persons die before they sing."

To gratify the aspiring spirit of the author of "Lines to Cora," we insert the most choice stanza—

"You'll cheer my spirit on its way  
Nor cast its offerings away  
As unremembered things?  
You will not deem my visions *wild*  
Since for thee I *toiled*,  
On youth's swift wings."

"Lines to J. C.," would disgrace the author in the estimation of the adored object. The leading sentiment of the piece may be embodied in two lines of the incorrigible Dean,

"Like a stuck pig I gaping stared  
And ey'd her o'er and o'er."

"Rosa's coral bracelet" is accepted.

"American and English literature," and "The Rebuke," are under consideration.

"Resignation," "Reflection," and "Social affection" are rejected.

The article by N. is rejected. It should have been entitled, *De omnibus et quibusdam aliis*.

The article by H—a N—c, is rejected. "*Nos novimus hanc esse nihil*"

We have many other pieces before us, some of which, in the language of old Andrew Fairservice, are "ower bad for blessing, and many ower gude for banning."

